

Social and Personal

From "The Princess."

When I am come to the House of the Dead
Promise me this, the Princess said:

Once a year when the land grows green,
And the pulse of the world beats strong
once more,
Come to the place of my frozen sleep,
Lift the latch of my silent door.

Carry me forth to the world I loved—
The bright, warm world that I left be-
hind—
Give me the glimpse of the sun again,
The open sky and the touch of the wind.

Take me back to the streets I knew,
The noise and the clamor, the gay un-
rest!
The laughter and cries and the broken
songs
Of the old glad life I loved the best.

When ye come to a place that my women
know,
Where the tall palms crowd in the tem-
ple square,
And a rose vine swings like a pendant
flame—
Let me rest for a moment there!

Carry me forth as befits my State,
Slave girls and flute players on before;
Just one turn in the happy world,
Then turn in peace from my silent
door.

When I am come to the House of the
Dead
Promise me this, the Princess said.
—Arthur Ketchum, in October Atlantic.

Leading Society Event.

The leading society event of to-day will
be the wedding of Miss Katie Blair El-
lison, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs.
H. Theodore Ellison, to Mr. Jesse Reade
Taylor, of New York, the son of the
late Mr. and Mrs. R. Reade Taylor, of
Virginia.

The ceremony will take place in the
home of the bride's parents, No. 814 Park
Avenue, at 6 P. M.

Simpson—Brown.

Mrs. Thomas Oswald Keesee has issued
invitations to the marriage of her niece,
Miss Gertrude Bruce Simpson, to Mr.
William Scott Brown, of Ashland, Va.
The ceremony will take place at Calvary
Baptist Church, this city, on the 24th
of October, at 1 P. M.

Owing to the recent death of Mr.
Brown's mother, the occasion will be
simple in all its details, and only the
friends of the contracting parties will be
present to witness the ceremony.

Dr. Pitt, of this city, and Bishop Gran-
berry, of Ashland, will officiate.
Miss Simpson is a kinswoman of Dr.
Virgil Harrison, of this city, and is a
great favorite in a social circle of this
city. Mr. Brown is secretary and treas-
urer of Randolph College, at Ash-
land, and is the youngest son of the late
Rev. Dr. Alexander G. Brown, of the
Methodist Church.

Brown—Simpson.

Invitations have been issued by Mrs.
Thomas Oswald Keesee for the mar-
riage of her niece, Miss Gertrude Bruce
Simpson, to Mr. William Scott Brown,
the ceremony to take place Monday after-
noon, October 24th, at 1 o'clock, in Cal-
vary Baptist Church.

Silver Wedding Day.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Healy Pitt have
invited their friends to help them keep
the twenty-fifth anniversary of their
marriage on Friday evening, October
25th, from 6 to 11 o'clock, at No. 208
Lamb Avenue, Barton Heights.

Informal Musicales.

Mrs. Mattie B. Thomas was the charm-
ing hostess at an informal musicale at
her home, on Washington Avenue, last
evening. Mrs. Thomas, Miss Mabel
McBain and Mr. Douglas Gordon all
sang delightfully, while the instrumen-
tal numbers by Miss Zelle Minor and
Mr. Wetzel most enjoyably varied the
programme. Among the interested lis-
teners were: Miss Jane Rutherford, Mr.
and Mrs. Rachael, Mrs. S. B. Wilson,
Miss Daisy Wilson, Mrs. Hamblin, Miss
Jane Minor, Mrs. Hunt, Mrs. Pritchell
and Mrs. Hickey, of Danville, and Messrs.
Wilson and Reynolds.

Out-of-Town Society.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Nelson Page, who
were during the summer and early au-
tumn, at their home in the Maine coast,
spent a few days in Washington, D. C.,
when they returned, and are now at Hot
Springs, Va. They have with them Mrs.
Page's daughter, Miss Florence Field,
and her guest, Miss Lindsay, of Boston.
At the launching of the battleship
Georgia, scheduled for the afternoon of
1:10 in the shipyard at Bath, Maine, Miss
Stella Tate, of Georgia, will name the
ship. The Georgia delegation is enter-
tained by Mr. John F. Hyde, vice-presi-
dent of the Bath Iron Works. Those who
accompanied Miss Tate are: Governor and
Mrs. Joseph M. Terrell, Congressman and
Mrs. F. C. Tate, Judge Hamilton Mc-
Whorter, Mrs. McWhorter and Miss Cam-
milla McWhorter.

The warm weather presented an oppor-
tunity for the display of white gowns,
white hats, fluffy white muffs and lace
at a tea given on the club house lawn at
Hot Springs, Va., Monday afternoon last
by Misses Annabelle and Elizabeth Lat-
tiner, of Wilmington, N. C. Decorations
were in American flags, red, white and
blue. Young hostesses received their guests
in white mid dresses and white lace garden
hats, with pale blue ostrich plumes. Miss
Elizabeth Lattimer is said to be one of
the most beautiful of young Southern
women. The tea was given in honor of
Miss Gladys Smith, Miss Gladys Onder-
donk and Miss Gladys Ingalls.

Mrs. Barton French has gone from Hot
Springs to New York with her mother,
Mrs. Walker Fearn, for a short visit.
On Thursday the Archbishop of Canter-
bury will be entertained by the celestrial
club at a dinner, to be given in the Wal-
dorf-Astoria. Bishop Potter, with Messrs.
August Belmont, Cornelius N. Bliss, W.
P. Duncan and Sir Percy Sanderson, will
form the committee in charge.

The French ambassador, and Madame
Jusserand are due to arrive Friday in
New York on the Lorraine, from France.
Madame has been ill during her visit
abroad, but is now almost entirely re-
covered.

Peple—Stuckey.

The wedding of Miss Dorothy Stuckey
to Dr. William Lowndes Peple was quietly
celebrated yesterday morning in St. Paul's
church, the Rev. Dr. W. E. Evans, of
Mount Vernon Church, being the celebrant.
The bride and groom, who were at-
tended by Miss Mattie Stuckey and Mr.
Charles Peple, of New York, as maid
of honor and best man, left immediately
after the ceremony to make their home in
Richmond.

Autumn Studio Opening.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Gookins re-
turned to Richmond October 4th, and
have reopened their studio at No. 508
East Grace Street.

They spent their honeymoon at Maca-

POEMS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

Whatever your occupation may be, and however crowded
your hours with affairs, do not fail to secure at least a few
minutes every day for refreshment of your inner life with a
bit of poetry.—Professor Charles Elliot Norton.

No. 312.

The Statue of Lee.

BY MISS NANNIE BYRD TURNER.

Miss Nannie Byrd Turner is the daughter of the Rev. Byrd Thornton Turner, of
King George county, Va., who was a southern soldier in the Civil War, where one
of Miss Turner's grandfathers and seven of her uncles also saw service.
Miss Turner's mother belonged to the James River family of Harrisons, and she is
a great niece, three times removed, of Thomas Jefferson.
She was born in Boydton, Mecklenburg county, in 1880, and began publishing her
poems, which have appeared at various times since, in the Atlantic Monthly, Munsey,
the Smart Set and other magazines, during the summer of 1902, when she was just
twenty-two years of age. Her poems published to-day, the anniversary of General Lee's
death, on Valentine's recumbent statue of Lee as it appears in the Confederate Mu-
seum, is a beautiful example of the wealth of feeling and imagery, which render
Miss Turner's poems so remarkable.



THIS is Lee, sleeping—bow the head—
Here, in this shadowy, sheltered place,
Looking upon that life-like face,
The heart will cry: "He is not dead!"
Whatever lonely years have said,
They spoke with cruel, lying breath,
Not cold, not far, the dear dead are,
Surely, if this be death!

Just so he lay a thousand nights,
When tarried weary, toil and march,
And under heaven's brooding arch,
Flickered the camp fire's leaping lights;
When day's dread fill of sounds and sights
Had dimmed to dreams, and he who kept
In his deep breast a people's trust,
Faced the far skies and slept.

Almost, we think, he would be stirred,
Now, if there thrilled the trumpet's cry,
Or bugle-song or reveille,
Broke silence with their silver word;
Almost, we fancy, could be heard
The old commanding voice's ring,
And music-beat of martial feet,
Answering following.

But even on our mortal ears,
Fall faintly now the battle cries;
He hears no echo in the skies,
Or only as an angel hears,
For all the days, of all the years,
His spirit, past the din of wars,
Has compassed peace we know not of,
Somewhere beyond the stars.

He has gone forward to the host,
Who fell beneath the starry swing,
Of the Fair Banner's shadowing,
Counting their eager lives well lost—
The comrade soldier souls that crossed
The river first, their battle won;
From strife, distress and bitterness,
Safe gathered to his own.

The fiery cause he loved and led,
The hope that drew him up and on—
That old, brave way the great have gone
Since the first warrior smiled and bled—
The dream that prayed reality,
Faltering and faded on a day;
And yonder God has told him why
Forever and for aye.

Dead and yet deathless! Changed, but still,
Immortal in his people's hearts;
Cherished in all the wondrous parts
Life called him wondrously to fill:
Patriot, brother, leader, till
Sounded the last drum's tired beat;
Then safe for fame his glorious name—
Thrice victor in defeat!

So rests he here while rise and fall,
The city's noises muffled dim;
A fitting last repose for him—
In his loved nation's capital;
Safe, sheltered in our midst, where all
May look, may reverence year by year;
Nay—truly said—he is not dead!
This is Lee sleeping here!

Nannie Byrd Turner

Richmond, Va.

This series began in The Times-Dispatch Sunday, October 11, 1903. One is published each day.

in a Park and Ottawa, Bench, Lake
Michigan, and in Chicago. A pleasant
experience of the trip was a visit to
the Studebaker summer home at Dia-
mond Lake, Indiana, near South Bend.
Mr. Studebaker is the owner of the the-
atre which bears his name in Chicago
and has built almost a duplicate of it

In South Bend. At this theatre and in
the annex, Mr. and Mrs. Gookins were
given a grand reception and ball by
Mr. Harry Johnson, Mr. Studebaker's
son-in-law.

Torbeck—Alley.

Miss Della Garnett Alley and Mr. Jo-

CUT THIS OUT AND KEEP IT. YOU WILL WANT TO READ THIS
STORY LATER, IF NOT NOW.

THE WHITE COMPANY

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER XV—Continued.

"Well, well, it is no great matter for
my company, for they are all house-
dressed and shaven as we left Tynham Castle;
Father Christopher of the Priory gave me
his word that they were as fit to march
to heaven as to Gascony. But my mind
misgives me as to these Winchester men
who have come with Sir Oliver, for they
appear to be a very singular crew. Pass
the word that the men kneel, and that
the under-officer repeat to them the
pater, the ave, and the credo."

With a clank of arms, the rough arch-
ers and seamen took to their knees, with
bent heads and crossed hands, listening
to the house matter from the file-leaders.
It was strange to mark the hush; so that
the lapping of the water, the straining
of the sail, and the creaking of the tim-
bers grew louder of a sudden upon the
ear. Many of the bowmen had drawn
amulets and relics from their bosoms,
while he who possessed some more than
usually sanctified treasure passed it
down the line of his comrades, that all
might kiss and reap the virtue.

The yellow fog had now shot out from
the narrow waters of the Solent, and was
plunging and rolling on the long wave
of the open channel. The wind blew fresh-
ly from the east, with a very keen edge
to it; and the great sail belled roundly
out, laying the vessel over until the water
lapped beneath her lee bulwarks. Broad
and ungainly, she floundered from wave
to wave, dipping her round bows deeply
into the blue rollers, and sending the
white fakes of foam in a spatter over
her decks. On her far bow, the quarter-
laid, the two dark galleys, which had already

holated sail, and were shooting out from
Freshwater Bay in swift pursuit, their
double line of oars giving them a vantage
which could not fail to bring them up
with any vessel which trusted to sails
alone. High and bluff the English cog
laid, long black and swift the pirate galleys,
like two fierce lean wolves which have
seen a lordly and unsuspecting stag
walk past their forest lair.

"Shew me your fair lord, or shall we
carry on?" asked the master-shipman,
looking behind him with anxious eyes.
"Nay, we must carry on, and play the
part of the helpless merchant."

"But your pennons? They will see that
we have two knights with us."
"Yet it would not be to a knight's honor
or good name to lower his pennon. Let
them be, and they will think that we are
a wine-ship for Gascony, or that we bear
the wool-bales of some mercer of the
Staple. Me fol, but they are very swift;
They swoop upon us like two goshawks
on a heron. Is there not some symbol
or device upon their sails?"

"That on the right," said Parsons, "ap-
pears to have the head of an Ethiopian
up on it."

"If the badge of Tote-mo-ire, the Nor-
man," cried a seaman-mutter. "I have
seen it before, when he harried us at
Winchester. He is a wondrous large and
strong man, with a red nose and a
strength of six, and, certes, he hath the
crimes of six upon his soul. See, now, to
the poor souls who swing at either end
of his yard-arm!"

At each end of the yard there did in-
deed hang the dark figure of a man,
jolting and lurching with hideous jerk-

seph Francis Torbeck were married at
noon Monday in the parish of the Epis-
copal residence by the Rev. Father Jo-
seph Magri, of St. Peter's. Immediately
after the ceremony the bride party took
the Chesapeake and Ohio train for a
bridal trip to Cincinnati.

Domestic Science Club.

All those interested in Club of Domestic
Science, recently formed, will meet this
morning at the Woman's Christian Tem-
perance Union building in Franklin Street,
between Seventh and Eighth. A large
crowd is expected as the movement is
well under way, and is being pushed by
the housekeepers of Richmond.

Hannon Y's.

An important meeting of the Hannon
Y's was held last night at the home of
Mrs. W. H. Jenks, No. 2611 East Grace
Street. A musical programme was ren-
dered by some of Richmond's talent.

Personal Mention.

Mrs. Fitzhugh Lee and her daughters,
Misses Anne and Virginia Lee, are ex-
pected to arrive in Richmond on Friday.
They will be with Mrs. Cassie Cabell at No.
610 East Franklin Street, and will be
prominent figures at the Richmond Horse
Show next week.

Mrs. Lee and her daughters spent the
past summer at Chickamauga Park with
Mrs. J. M. Lee, formerly Mrs. E. Lee. Mrs.
Lee and her daughters are a debutante of
the present season, and like Miss Anne is
a beauty of the pronounced Southern type.

Miss Barbara Keane, of Louisville, is
the guest of Miss Rose Morris, in Richmond.

Mrs. W. H. Lyne, Mrs. Cassie Baker
Lyne and Miss Peachy Lyne have re-
turned from a delightful visit to the
World's Fair.

Dr. Thomas Dudley Merrick is spend-
ing some time in St. Louis, where he
is attending the exposition.

Mrs. Cassie Cabell has returned after
a visit to Mrs. E. B. Mason, in Balti-
more, and is prepared to form her classes
in English at No. 610 East Franklin Street.

Miss Louise Hopkins, of Newport News,
who is now at Smithfield, Va., will later
come to Richmond for the winter.

Dr. and Mrs. Clifton Miller have re-
moved to No. 414 East Grace Street.

Mrs. T. H. Blackwell and children are
visiting friends at Bowling Green, Va.

Mr. Willie Borum, of Caroline, is taking
a business course in Richmond.

The New York Dramatic Mirror of this
week has an admirable picture of Mrs.
Robert Van Alstyne, of New York, for-
merly Miss Louise Henry, of Winchester,
Va., who began her stage career some
years ago, and is engaged for this winter
in New York and Brooklyn.

Mrs. E. T. Price, of Newport News, is
spending several weeks in Richmond.

Miss Beale Hunter returned to Rich-
mond Monday afternoon. She spent last
week most pleasantly at the St. Louis
Exposition, in company with a congenial
party of friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Mervyn Patterson have
returned from a visit to the St. Louis
Exposition and other points in the West.

The Richmond Art School, with Miss
Harriet Lee Tallaferro, lately of Paris,
France, as director, is scheduled to open
October 15th.

Friends of the Misses Bodeker are
much concerned to hear of the continued
illness of their mother.

The arrival of many beautiful horses
entered for the show on yesterday
caused no little excitement among those
who saw them as they passed. Blanketed
though they were, the step and confident
bearing of several favorites caused them
to be recognized.

Among the probable visitors to the
Richmond Horse Show are Mrs. E. B. Mas-
son, of Baltimore; Mrs. Charles
Faulkner and Miss Faulkner, of Martine-
burg, W. Va.; Mrs. Dietrich, of New
York; Mrs. Grace Shields, of New York;
Mrs. Thomas Russell, of Short Hills, New
Jersey; Mrs. Marion Lambert, of St.
Louis; and Mrs. Henry Fairfax,
of Loudoun county.

An error in the report made of Miss
Stockell's talk at the Woman's Club
made it appear that it concerned the
Nevada instead of the Idaho Indians,
among whom Miss Stockell's labors have
been directed.

An important meeting of the Rich-
mond Chapter, Daughters of the Con-
federacy, will be held in Lee Camp Hall
this afternoon, from 2 to 3 o'clock. Reports
from the St. Louis convention will be
made and arrangements for the State
convention to be held in Petersburg.

The Milton Work Whist Club met at
the Woman's Club last afternoon. High-
scores were made in Lee Camp Hall
by Mrs. C. W. Gray's and Miss Martha
Harvey; east and west by Mrs. Luther
Warren and Miss Lucy Quarles.

MARRIED IN OPEN BOAT.

Young Virginians Hoodwink an
Angry Father and Elope.

A Baltimore special to the Philadelphia
Inquirer tells of a marriage in an open
boat in Pocomoke Sound, which was the
novel sequel of the romantic elopement
of a Virginia couple Saturday.

The lovers were Miss Anna Mister and
John C. Gray's Island, Va. Wil-
liam Mister, father of the bride, was
much opposed to the attention that young
Spence was paying to his daughter, and
forbade her to allow him to call, threat-

ening him with violence should he catch
him at the Mister home. Spence paid
little attention to the threats, but wooed
and won the girl.

An elopement was planned for Friday
night, and Spence procured the license in
Virginia.

Arriving at the garden gate, which was
the appointed spot for the meeting, the
young man uttered his familiar whistle,
and to his surprise, instead of his lady
loving carrying a satchel, her father ap-
peared with a shotgun and gave Spence
a chase through cornfields and marshes
until a late hour, when Mr. Mister, think-
ing that he was thoroughly rid of Spence,
returned to his home to enjoy peaceful
slumber.

Saturday morning Spence went to Prin-
cess Anne, Md., and secured another
license. He then met his sweetheart,
found a minister, and with a few friends
embarked in the boat.

They sailed just across the boundary
line into Maryland waters and were mar-
ried.

A large number of Maryland oyster-
men witnessed the marriage, and say it
was the most novel affair they have seen
in many years.

PREFERRED DAILY DINNER TO ALLEGED INSANITY

Miss Victoria Kopwicz, of Newark,
who had gone for over five weeks with-
out food of any kind, broke her long
fast yesterday when she was told that
she was to be removed to an insane
asylum. Mrs. William Ambrose, her
closest friend, broke the news to her.
She told her that the doctors had de-
cided she was insane.

"I am not crazy," pleaded the young
woman, and if they will only let me
have some food, I will eat every day."

Mrs. Ambrose saw the chance to test
Miss Kopwicz and, hurrying to her own
home, a few doors away, made her a
bowl of broth. When she returned with
it, Victoria drank it down as though she
starved.

Later in the day, the patrol wagon
drove up to the door, and Miss Kopwicz
was told to get ready. She accompanied
the officers without a murmur. She was
driven to the County Asylum, on South
Orange Avenue, where she will be kept
until she is a little stronger, when she
will be taken to Morris Plains.—New
York World.

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York World.

The three archers named stood at the
further end of the poop, balancing them-
selves with feet widely spread and bows
drawn, until the heads of the cloth-yard
arrows were level with the center of the
cannon. "You are the surest, Watkin," said
Ayward, standing by them with shaft
upon string. "Do you take the rogue
with the red coat. You two bring down
the man with the head-piece, and I will
myself ready to do the center of the
bow. They are about to loose her. Shoot, mes
garcons, or you will be too late."

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bow. They are about to loose her. Shoot, mes
garcons, or you will be too late."

"Let them be supplied with all that is
heavy and weighty in the ship," said Sir
Nigel.
"Then we must send them up Sir Oliver
Buttsworth," quoth Ford.
The knight looked at him with a face
of stern resolve, and said: "I will not
send a squire of mine," he said, "shall
ever make jest of a belted knight. And
yet," he added, his eyes softening, "I
will know that it is but a boy's faith, and
no stinging to it. Yet I will not let my
part to curb your tongue-play."

"They will lay us aboard on either
quarter, my lord," cried the master. "See
how they stretch out from such other
ships. The Norman hath a masted galley,
and the English a masted galley. They
are about to loose her. Shoot, mes
garcons, or you will be too late."

"Ayward," cried the knight, "pick your
three trustiest archers, and see if you
cannot do something to the vessel. A row
like theirs they are within long arrow
shot."

"Seventeen score paces," said the arch-

PUT BAD BOY UNDER A HYPNOTIC SPELL

Awful Problem Threatened Dire
Results in Mothers'
Club.

"Shall a wayward child be given a
hypnotic drug in order that moral
suasion may be exercised on him while
his mind is in a subjective condition?"

The pros and cons to the discussion of
this question threatened dire results yes-
terday at the meeting of the Mothers'
Club at Tuxedo, Madison Avenue and
Fifty-ninth Street.

Doting mothers with sweet daughters
shook their heads vigorously and said
the idea was scandalous. The man who
had expounded such a theory, they said,
should be ostracized, while the mothers
with the wilful sons recoiled in theory
and lauded the man with the brain to
invent it.

Mrs. H. Hastings was responsible for
the trouble. As a delegate to Sandy
Hill, where the Mothers' Club of the
State convened last week, she brought
back the report of the addresses to the
club. Professor Quackenbush, formerly of
Columbia University, ventured the theory
in his address on "Moral Diseases of
Children."

"The convention would have been with-
out a flaw had it not been for Professor
Quackenbush's address, said Mrs. Hastings.
"The idea of using a hypnotic drug is
outrageous. Really, ladies, you don't
know how worked up I have been. As a
result of the question I have scarcely
slept nights."

"What is a hypnotic drug?" she con-
tinued, breathlessly. "There is not a
single pharmacist or physician up State
that could tell me. To-morrow I'm going
to begin investigations here in the city."

"Possibly the speaker meant that the
force he was talking about was moral prin-
ciples," suggested Mrs. Almon Hensley, the presi-
dent.

"Imagine, ladies," rejoined Mrs. Has-
tings, "taking your son upon your knee
after he has sneaked out and whisped
his best cigarette, injecting morphine into
his blood, and while his mind is in a
subjective condition, telling him of the
evil habit he gets."

The president appointed Mrs. Hastings
a committee of one to see that no drug
and no hypnotic was used at the next meeting.—New York
World.

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